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. . . The increase in Canada's trade with the United States last year was about twenty-five millions of dollars.

. . . Mr. Hall Caine, in a recent article on "The Old Century and the New," said that the nineteenth century had been the happiest, most peaceful and most profitable hundred years in the history of man.

. . . The paper on "The Historic Development of the Peace Idea," by B. F. Trueblood, published in recent numbers of the *ADVOCATE OF PEACE*, has been put into pamphlet form and can now be had at the office of the American Peace Society for five cents per copy, or two dollars and a half per hundred.

. . . The Lombard Peace Union at Milan, Italy, has just published its twelfth annual illustrated almanac, *Giu le Armi* (Lay Down Your Arms). It is carefully edited and contains many valuable contributions, by distinguished Italians, to the discussion of the pressing questions of peace and war.

. . . A treaty with Spain has been ratified by the Senate, by which the United States acquires the islands of Sibutu and Cogoyan of the Philippine group, at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars. Polygamy and slavery exist on the islands, and there are no harbors.

. . . "God is love, and to love men till private attachments have expanded into a philanthropy which embraces all, and at last even the evil and enemies, with compassion,—that is to love God."—*Frederick W. Robertson*.

. . . A plan for arbitration in industrial disputes has been adopted in New Haven, Conn., which provides for coöperation in the creation of a board of arbitrators by the chamber of commerce, the state business men's association, and the labor organizations.

. . . "Our modern ministers would not sanction an expedition to rescue the birthplace of Christ, but some of them approve the spreading of the gospel intelligence through the agencies of shot and shell."—*Columbia (S. C.) State*.

. . . On Monday, February 11, in Tremont Temple, Boston, Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, president of Brown University, delivered a strong address against the corruption of Christian ethics now taking place through the evolutionary theories of the "brutality of nature." Of this mischievous materialistic philosophy he declared that "Bismarck is the monarch, Cecil Rhodes the prime minister and Rudyard Kipling the poet laureate."

. . . Mr. George Kennan, at the request of the editor of the *Outlook*, has been engaged for some time in a thorough study of the official documents at Washington, relating to the Philippine problem as it now exists. He gives the results of his investigations in three articles, the first of which appeared in the *Outlook* for February 23d, the second in the magazine number for this month, the third is to follow immediately. Mr. Kennan does not go into the history of the origin of the Philippine trouble. The *Outlook* did not ask him to do this.

. . . The *Morning Star* says: "The spirit of cruelty and infidelity to God go together. He who takes pleasure in strife is no lover of peace. And not to love peace is not to love God. There is no surer evidence of irreligion than strife."

. . . On the 20th of February the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations took adverse action on the resolution of Senator Morgan declaring the right of the United States to proceed with the construction of the Nicaragua canal regardless of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. The committee considered that this action would be discourteous to Great Britain while the Hay-Pauncefote treaty is under consideration at London.

. . . The League for Social Service, founded in New York City in 1898, and now in full operation, ought to prove of great value during the new century in stimulating better social knowledge and through that creating better social conditions and unity. The League, of which Dr. Josiah Strong is president, is sending out a series of weekly letters on important social topics, to selected papers throughout the United States.

. . . Josiah W. Leeds, West Chester, Pa., has just published, in a handsome twelve-page pamphlet with cover, the views of John Wiclif on the subject of war. The title of the pamphlet is "Wiclif's Anti-War Views," and may be had by addressing the author as above.

At a Fireside Century Old.

BY ELIZABETH SAMPSON HOYT.

A reunion at a fireside
In the dear United States.
Safe and warm beside its glowing,
What a century of showing
Since we first became the States!

Proud as Cæsars were the parents;
Heirs apparent, all the children.
Grand, and great-grandmothers, mothers,
Were more regal than the others —
They had brought and reared the men.

Reared the men. When this was said,
Grateful reverence filled the place.
These had builded for all people,
In that majesty of people
That most elevates the race.

Still, it oftentimes was noted
By the Presence always there,
That these evening talks were coming
More and more to be a summing
Of our late conspicuous share

In world pageants — movements all
Laid in military stress.
For the wide emprise of nations,
Where the soldiery has ovations,
And the people have — well, less.

The traditions of our fathers,
With their rich and high conserve
Of the dignities of manhood,
So that humblest patriot stood
Where the loftiest might deserve; —

All that fine, chivalric thought
That made temples of our past,
Shrined away as old memorial
In the modern ceremonial
Of our national recast!

That's the word — recast the blessings
Of our hundred years in store.
Say to hallowed graves that claim us,
Trade, trade, trade will soon proclaim us
An empire sold from shore to shore.

Marvel not. Our Monroe Doctrine
Has betrothed to other lands,
Till the guns of our Olympian
Brought us millions for dominion
Over them on Eastern sands.

"Dominion!" cried the little folks,
"Grandpa how can that be?
Didn't we destroy dominions
When we sent old England's minions,
Scared to death, across the sea?"

"Little children of the kingdom,
Tyrants have not just once died;
They are dying through the ages.
When you write your own life-pages,
Write for them new woe-betide."

There was talking that was talking.
Un-American as hell,
Foreign views were there discussed.
Some said, "May not"; some said, "Must";
And all 'round said, "Time will tell."

There was talking was not talking.
'Twas the cannon's mouth that boomed;
"Time is telling now the story
Of that legal fiction, glory,
By the Rights of Man assumed."

"Destiny" and "Constitution,"
Both too far a-field to think,
Locked the ethics of profession
With the bull-horns of possession,
Till both said, "We're at a brink."

That was gatling-gun for Europe,
Where the dynasties were met,
Through old grudge of telescopes
And their long besotted hopes
To see star-republic set.

That was David's harp for Asia,
Where the fireside children met,
All their prophet-natures yearning
From their elders to be learning
Of great things the alphabet.

Little ones had heard the story
Till it wrought in them like beauty, —
How our fathers fought for freedom,
Lived and died to cherish freedom
As man's first and sacred duty.

Little ones were older now.
One, more thoughtful, flushed with youth,
Felt his loyalty was welling
From a depth there was no telling,
In his passionate love of truth.

"Father," — and the lad was standing
As if suddenly grown taller, —
"Filipino boys have heard
The evangel of that word,
Hail Columbia, greater, smaller!"

As the speaker to his shoulder
Tossed his little laughing brother,
Saying, "Dan may come to be
Civilized enough to see
None are free save in the other."

At that fireside there was silence.
Youth and age were wrapped in sleep.
But the Presence at the embers
Meditated, "God remembers
If but one his covenants keep."
Childhood's faith for manhood's peril, —
Who believes 'tis God that reigns?
To the shoulders of that King
God will all the nations bring,
There to reckon up the gains.

Inconsistency.

BY ASENATH CARVER COOLIDGE.

O inconsistent world! Soul-vexing sight!
Christians this day — barbarians to-night;
Haters of Satan — yet obedient to his awful nod;
Followers of Christ — who will not go the way he trod.
Millions of gold ye give to ministers and priests,
To sound his words through all the universe —
And then accept them not.

Ye builded gorgeous temples pointing high;
Wing'd words of peace and love, like silver doves, from earth
to sky;

Then Him and His forgot.
And like huge hordes of wild demoniacs turned
To dig a hell of dungeons, crowned with thrones;
To rear aloft the monstrous palaces of state,
Where men are taught to slay their fellowmen,
Where tender youths are yoked to murder-work,
Where foul, red-handed servants brood and wait,
To spill the blood Christ bought.

Queen Victoria's Obsequies Overlaid with Militant Display.

BY JOSIAH W. LEEDS.

The London correspondent of the *Episcopal Recorder*, having stated that the funeral arrangements for the late Queen were not altogether satisfactory to a great number of the English people, quotes as follows from the friendly criticism of a contemporary:

"We are convinced that when a little time has passed reflection will lead to regret that the obsequies were entirely overlaid with militant display. The Queen's coffin was drawn to the place of rest on a gun carriage. This arrangement took the people generally by surprise. Though there was an impressive solemnity about this detail, as though some private soldier were being buried, yet it was a symbol of the whole programme, which was one of militant pomp, as if Victoria had been a modern Boadicea or an Amazonian warrior, loving war and its